Yankee Doings

YANKEE DIVISION VETERANS' ASSOCIATION

Vol. VII Boston, Mass. June 1926 · No. 6

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YANKEE DOINGS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

YANKEE DIVISION VETERANS ASSOCIATION

200 HUNTINGTON AVENUE, BOSTON, MASS.

WILLIAM J. KEVILLE, *President* — PHILIP N. SANBORN, *Secretary*

SUBSCRIPTION FOR NON-MEMBERS OF ASSOCIATION, $1.00 PER YEAR

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION

Send all communications to the Secretary

Entered as second class matter February 20, 1922, at the Post Office at Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Acceptance for mailing at a special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized May 8, 1922.

75 cents of the annual dues is applied as subscription to YANKEE DOINGS.

Copy for DOINGS must be in before the First

FURLOUGH

The July and August number of YANKEE DOINGS will be combined in a midsummer issue which will go to press on Monday, August 2, and be in the reader's hands about the 15th as usual.

For twenty-two months we've been on the job since the last time a number was omitted. Things will probably be quiet at the Club following the smoker in June. One big number in August will give you as much, probably more, enjoyment than two small ones. And it will give us a breathing spell.

Meanwhile, don't forget that the Overseas Memorial Fund keeps right on going. Our old friend Ralph Eastman has never seen the day when he has been too busy to accept a check.

Bill Blake and Slater Washburn are in France now selecting spots from which the final site will be chosen. There is confidence for you. Don't let the thing drag. Make your contribution now, and make it a generous one.

We'll see you again in August.

Walking isn't such a lost art. One must, by some such means, get out to the garage.

MEETING OF THE BOARD OF GOVERNORS OF YD CLUB OF BOSTON

May 11, 1926.

A regular meeting of the Governing Board was held at the Boston City Club on Tuesday, May 11, 1926. The meeting was called to order at 12.30 P.M. with President Swan in the chair. Every member of the Board was present. Secretary Philip N. Sanborn of the Y.D.V.A. was also present.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and accepted.

Mr. Sanborn, reporting for the Committee appointed to submit designs for a silk YD Flag, stated that they had one design, submitted by Mr. Brady, and that Mr. Palmstrom was still working on another. President Swan requested Mr. Sanborn to keep after the committee and, if possible, to try and have all designs in by the next meeting.

Treasurer Ralph Eastman, reporting for the Committee appointed to purchase office equipment for the Club office, stated that certain equipment that he had contemplated purchasing had already been sold. The Committee was advised to continue in accordance with vote taken at the last meeting.

Discussion regarding the temporary suspension of the initiation fee was then had. It was moved, seconded and VOTED: that a special meeting of the Club be called, in accordance with Article XXV of the By-Laws to determine the advisability of waiving the initiation fee on all classes for a period of three months, dating from July 1, 1926.

It was then decided that the next Smoker of the Club be held on Thursday, May 27th. Mr. Barnard was appointed a committee of one to secure the moving pictures for this occasion.

A motion was made and seconded and it was VOTED: that a ten-second silent tribute ending with taps be held at all meetings and smokers of the Club.

It was moved, seconded and VOTED: that the Governing Board be responsible for securing all speakers on Smoker nights.

On a motion made and seconded, it was VOTED: that the Secretary be authorized to accept applications for membership without the initiation fee and that the Secretary explain to the applicant that in the event this change in the By-Laws did not go through, either their dues would be refunded or they would be required to pay the initiation fee.

There being no further business to come before the meeting, it was moved, seconded and VOTED: that the meeting adjourn.

Adjournment taken at 2.30 P. M.

—WILLIAM SNYDER, *Secretary*

Tobacco is found in many of the Southern States and in some cigars.

ADD EPITAPHS

BOB DUNCAN vouches for this one. Near Bernecourt was the grave of a German soldier. The courteous—even in war—French had placed over the grave a wooden "headstone" bearing the legend, "Un Soldat Allemand." An American doughboy, evidently sent out on a much despised burying detail, had interred another Boche nearby. Over this grave were the words, "Here's another."

BETWEEN OURSELVES

Let us dedicate this page for today to the good old army "bunk." We recently heard an address by an officer of the General Staff. His subject was the National Defense Act. It was a good address. It dealt with corps and divisions, sources of man power, tables of organization, West Point, Plattsburg, Leavenworth. We enjoyed it.

But it left several questions unanswered.

* * * *

First, why the condiment can? If ever a monument is erected to the good old army bunk (and one should be), we enter our suggestion that it be in the form of a regulation condiment can of some enduring material and of such size as the funds available will permit. This might be flanked on either side by a box of dubbin. Dubbin ran a close second in the game of army bunk. But it cannot be accorded first place for it was sometimes used to spread on hardtack when oleo was scarce. And tent pins finished a poor third, having already served as good dry kindling before the doughboy had discovered they were not issued as such.

* * * *

The condiment can stood alone in its sphere of utter uselessness. How eagerly we received it. How hopefully—and vainly—we waited for condiments wherewith to make it replete. Beans we had, but no ketchup; meat, but no mustard. And we sought other uses. It is no small tribute to the genius who invented the condiment can that he devised an object for which the American soldier could find no use. Tin hats made admirable candelabra or wash basins, and bayonets were unexcelled as bread knives, but the problem of the condiment can offered no solution. So at last we cached it in some hay loft and bid it farewell. At each subsequent inspection, a black mark for having no condiment can. And that was good old army bunk.

* * * *

Bunk! We were caught in its meshes from the day we signed on the dotted line. Our first training consisted of digging trenches. They were to be built according to Hoyle, just so wide, just so deep, the parapet was to be just so high. Thus they were constructed. And they were truly beautiful. In our dictionary of experience we later found: "Trench —Any irregular depression in the surface of the earth, of any size and shape, usually dug in one hell of a hurry with more regard for depth than any other dimension; customarily one half to two-thirds full of mud, empty cans, rats and other impedimenta." And so the artistic landscape designing of our early trenches was—good old army bunk.

* * * *

We each and all made a voyage, eventful or otherwise, across the well known Atlantic. Was it devoid of bunk? Not so. Submarine guards were instructed to make note of floating pop bottles and bread crusts. We, ourself, in person, if you know what we mean, spent four hours of one pouring, rainy night on a guard post on the highest deck. What were our orders? To see that no one smoked there. Taps was at 10.00. This was 2.00 A.M., raining like a second flood, and no cover but the sky. A peaceful place for a smoke. Army bunk!

Probably no branch of the service was free from bunk. But we hand the medicos the fur-lined castor oil spoon. C. C.'s and iodine. It has come to our knowledge that one man was given C. C. pills for a blister on his foot. That is the bare, unvarnished truth, and we stand ready to give you his name if you want it. The medics decided we must drink doped water. In one village we remember, miles from the front, there was a pure spring gushing out of the side of a hill, high above any source of contamination. It was immediately branded unfit for use and the old O. D. chlorine bag hung out. Another one on the docs. A man in our company was sick. Even C. C.'s seemed of no avail. He must have green vegetables, cereal and coffee with real cream. So spake the medico. Did he send the man where he could get these things? Not at all; he ordered the mess sergeant to give them to him.

* * * *

Another one. One of the best. Remember the time G.H.Q. decided to salvage all the tin cans in the A. E. F.? Two men were detailed from each company to hammer cans until they were flat so they could be more readily transported. We can see them now with a wooden maul, pounding away. *Good* old army bunk.

* * * *

One of its irritating manifestations was its rush-and-loaf system. We were bugled out of bed in a howling snowstorm in one town at 5.30, and marched two miles to a railroad. The train commenced to move at 1.30 P.M. This tune was played with variations. One was to the "men must be kept busy" accompaniment. We spent one whole day in Brest moving truck loads of G. I. cans from a warehouse to a certain pier. At night the officer in command viewed the result of our labor and said, "Fine. Tomorrow, have a detail here to move them back." Dear old army bunk.

* * * *

Then there was the favorite sport of ascertaining the one or two places a soldier on leave might like to see and immediately blacklisting them. Had he a longing to see Paris? He might visit the Alps. Did he wish to spend a day or two in Lyons? He could go to St. Malo. Later came an order saying that all men having families living in Europe could be discharged in France. Many made application. So the order was rescinded.

* * * *

But bunk saved its best jest for the last. The great day had come. The ships awaited us. Our packs were rolled. Under starry skies and crimson sunsets, the notes of "Madelon" had eased many a weary mile. Might we sing it as our farewell to France as we marched down that long hill to the harbor? Might we laugh and speak of home? We might NOT. Orders, "At attention."

* * * *

G. H. Q. Dear, good old army BUNK.

XIVRAY—MARVOISIN

JUNE 16, 1918

(From Emerson G. Taylor's "New England in France")

For another week life was peaceful. It was "a good war." The weather continued warm and clear, day after day; living conditions in the trenches were vastly bettered—the Jury Wood sub-sector being especially well organized, although Hazelle Wood, adjoining it, was a favorite target for sudden, heavy bursts of harassing fire. The cooking and distribution of rations was greatly improved; mail began to come more regularly; the troops had not only become wonted to the life, but were thriving on it, some replacements also had been received. True, there was a steady toll taken by shell fire or sniping—but this was accepted as part of the routine. Every day there were air-fights to watch, or the daring efforts of the airmen to pass the barrier fire of the "archies," in which contests the honors appeared to be about even. June 16, however, the peace was broken by another German raid, very like the one launched against Seicheprey two months before.

For this objective he selected the twin villages of Xivray-Marvoisin on the left of the divisional sector. His mission probably did not go beyond making prisoners, to accomplish which purpose he sent over a force of some 500 Landwehr and line troops backed by 80 men from a Sturmbataillon, with the support of 40 pioneers and 20 flame-throwers. The main duty of the latter was to hide the advance under cover of a smoke screen.

The two villages, of which the Marvoisin hamlet stood advanced by some three hundred yards, very close to the enemy lines, and the trench system connecting them, were held by a battalion (III) of the 103d Infantry and the 103d Machine Gun Battalion—the former having a platoon in Xivray proper, with two companies near at hand in Bouconville, outposts in Marvoisin, and platoons in various flanking local centers of resistance.

The attack began with a twenty-minute artillery "preparation" laid, as usual, on the objective, communications, and support positions. This was as violent a fire as any the Division had experienced; and with its character changed to a fire of destruction, it was continued long after the raid was over. The enemy was divided into three columns, and each of these was again subdivided into three smaller groups, a part of whom drove straight at Marvoisin from the front, while the remainder attempted to work into Xivray from the flanks, on east and west, all under cover of a heavy morning mist.

But a sturdy resistance by the troops on the ground, together with an immediate counter-attack by a platoon of the companies from Bouconville, broke down the enemies effort almost at once. While his artillery fire, in which heavy minenwerfer participated, did cause casualities, especially near Marvoisin, his infantry accomplished practically nothing. Plans for the defense of the position, worked out in great detail by Brigadier-General Cole, in command of the brigade, were as exactly followed as if at maneuver; the crews of the forward machine guns stuck manfully to their work through the heaviest fire. The German discomfiture was complete. Some sixty of their dead were counted in front of our wire, scores were carried away; and they left ten prisoners, three light machine guns, flame-throwers, and quantities of equipment in the hands of our troops.

Again, as if to wreak revenge for their repulse, the Germans laid down furious bursts of artillery fire over all the Division area throughout the day, and at intervals for three or four days later. As many as 48 shells a minute, of all calibres up to 210 millimeters, fell on Beaumont between 6.30 and 9 o'clock and again at noon of June 16. Bernecourt suffered, where officers of the 101st Infantry were wounded; in Royaumeix, Chaplain W. Danker, 104th Infantry, was killed, Colonel G. H. Shelton slightly wounded, and three enlisted men killed by a single burst. Among the horse lines at Sanzey and Cornieville, the shells did damage, while at Boucq, where Division Headquarters was established, the bombardment was so heavy on June 20, well directed by aeroplanes, that Headquarters was compelled to evacuate temporarily, going a mile farther back, to Trondes. Heavy retaliation fire was sent back by our own artillery; and gradually the activity spent itself. But while the enemy fire was at its height the back area was far from being the safe retreat which men "up front" were prone to consider it.

YD GRAVE MARKER

The YD grave marker has been a subject of conversation for many moons. At last we have something definite to announce concerning the marker.

At the last Annual Convention of the Veterans Association, a design for a marker was approved with certain modifications. The accepted design, as it will appear, consists of a bronze diamond about four inches wide by six inches high, in the center of which will be the YD monogram in polished relief. Forming a border around the four sides of the diamond will be the four words, "Yankee Division Veterans Association" in raised letters. Directly below the YD will be the letters, "A. E. F." This latter precaution was taken to make the marker appropriate for use only on the graves of those men who served in the "Old" Twenty-Sixth.

It is expected that a number of these markers will soon be cast and placed on sale at the YD Club of Boston. The price will be approximately two dollars. The Secretary of the Yankee Division Veterans Association is ready to receive orders from any parent or friend of any deceased comrade for one of these markers.

It will be a truly fitting symbol to place above the head of a deceased comrade.

TAPS

FRANK MERKEL (Med. Det. 103d F. A.) passed away on April 23 in St. Louis, at his home, 3323 Halliday Ave.

DENNIS F. STAFFORD (Co. M, 102d Inf.) died on December 5, 1925.

CHINESE JUNK

No doubt most of you have read something about the Chinese junk "Amoy" which sailed from Shanghai on June 22, 1922, for Victoria, arriving there on September 18. The "Amoy" belongs to Capt. George Ward, who was born in Holland, but who is a naturalized Canadian citizen although for the past twenty years he has lived in China. Several years ago he married a Chinese woman who was born on a junk in Canton and so has followed the sea all her life.

With their ten year old son, Robert, they decided to cross the Pacific and settle on a ranch on Vancouver Island. They set sail with a crew of two Chinese landsmen who had never been outside of Shanghai harbor, and a Formosan headhunter, who, by the way, had thirteen scalps to his credit!

Their arrival and stay in Victoria harbor caused so much interest for miles around that the Captain decided to make a "round the world" trip and it was in Hartford, Conn., over last Memorial Day that I had the pleasure of inspecting this odd craft built of camphor wood with Chinese fir for planking, Foochow pine for masts and iron wood for the keel.

Much there is that can be told of the "Amoy" but I will not go into the trip at all, as this is just to interest you in the boat itself for it is very entertaining and if ever it comes to a port anywhere near you, do not fail to pay it a visit. The "Amoy" is the type of ship used in the Formosan channel for fishing and the pirates like her model because of its speed. The bow is blunt—very blunt—but this keeps the junk from burrowing through the waves. There is a short iron-wood keel and the large rudder reaches four feet under the stern but, by means of a windlass, this can be raised allowing the boat to sail in four feet of water. A ten foot long tiller held by an endless rope is used for steering.

Even in the roughest weather the junk is remarkably steady—so much so, in fact, that tables and chairs do not need to be bolted to the floor. The masts are not set rigid but are wedged between two immense slabs of camphor wood which are securely fixed and greased, as the mast works in a sea it settles into the wedge, which naturally tightens it.

The sails are square with horizontal bamboo crossbars and they can be raised or lowered quickly and easily. For calking, the Chinese use old fish nets which are pounded into pulp and then mixed with a preparation of wood oil and lime and driven into the crevices from both sides. This must be good for no pump is carried and if bailing is necessary, they do it with a rag. No nails are used in building a junk, but instead, they use wooden trunnels and bamboo pins. The planking is about 2½" thick; the boat has a 19 foot beam and is only 68 feet long.

The cabin is fascinating, especially because of so many beautiful objects of art made of silk, wood, china, etc., which have been collected by the Captain and his wife. The walls are attractive, having been painted by a Chinese artist who has decorated them so as to give the idea of panels, and the paint was put on without the use of brushes! As the social and professional standing of the Chinese is indicated by the length of their finger nails, the artist sharpens them into points which he bites to different widths; he then paints his pictures with them. The colors are carried on the finger tips of the left hand—one for each of the five primary colors—and all colors are mixed in the left palm. The finger tips and heel of his right hand are used for the larger surfaces and his nails for making lines. The predominating color of this junk on the deck as well as the outside is bright red. (But this is not done with one's fingers!)

This description is very meagre, but there is no reason for me to have gone into detail. It is not that I'm trying to give the "Amoy" some advertising but, as I said before, I found it very interesting, so I want to pass it along.

—G. W. T.

LAST MONTH'S COVER

Herr Editor:

I haf yust had the great pleasure of reading in my broken English, the "Yankee Doings" for the month, May. I was much exzited over the front cover. I liked it so I cried, because I remember the time. How your artist got that picture I can not understand. He must have been hiding and peeking somewhere, because my friend "Pete" there and me was the only ones around that early morning. Yes, I forgot to tell you that it is me in the picture, yah, and it looks like I looked ven I was a German soldier. I must tell you the story, because it was the story that made me cry, and not the picture.

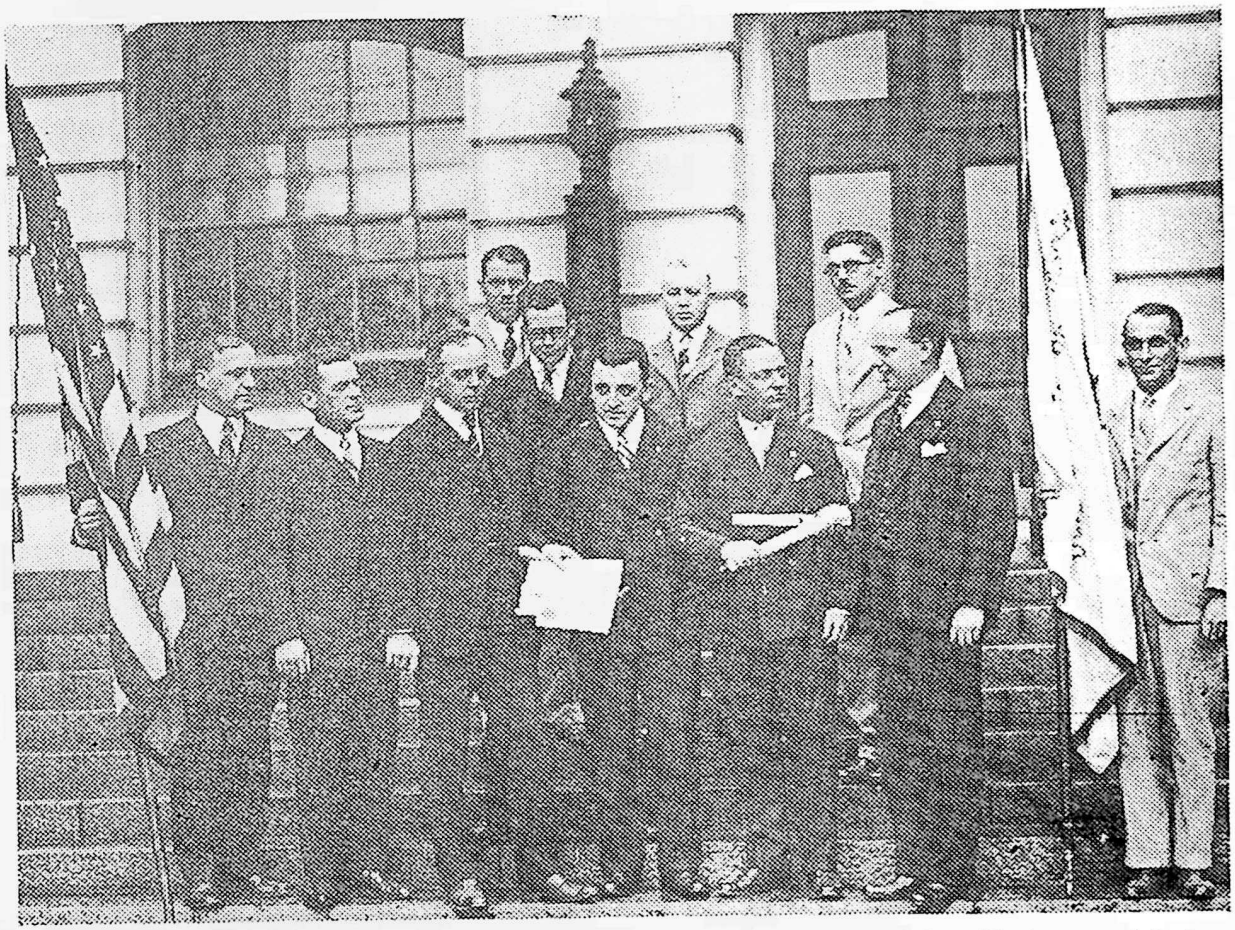
After one of dose fights in the nights, (we are frends now, I hope), the captain sent me and some others of our brave soldiers to find some prisoners and clean up our part of the town which we had taken one side of, that night. I was lost from my comrades and vas trying to find my vay back to Germany when I came by the wall in the picture and all of a sudden tru a opening I saw that American bayonet shining yust a little in the cold light of the dawn. I nearly cried then, too. O, I did shake, and I guess the American on the other side of the wall heard my teeth shaking against each other, because when I feel myself shake, that bayonet stopped going frontwards and went up and down and sideways in little quick jerks. Maybe his teeth was rattling like ven you get the cold goose-flesh up and down the back. I don't know, because right away quick he yelled, "Who goes dere?" or something like that, and I right away says back my name,—"D. Maier." "O, de mayor," said he and he come by the place in the vall, where it used to be a vindow and when he saw me,—or maybe when I saw him,—I don't quite remember, but, anyhow,— it was not the kind of mayor he exbected to see. But, Pete was quick to remember and think, for ven he saw my face he yust leaned on the vindow sill and said, "Two 'Old Hunters' and nearly a beer (bier)!" You know, Pete und me used to be bar tenders together in dat place there on Hanover Street in Boston. I hear you don't have bar tenders much more in Amerika, but I got a good job since Germany was a republic. I am now a real mayor in a small place near Berlin. I would never have thought of being a mayor if Pete had not given me the idea that morning in the picture.

It was in the Library in Berlin where I saw the "Yankee Doings" and I like it so much because you had my picture on the front, that I send with this a money order for many marks to send the magazine as long as there are marks to pay for it.

52 Strasse Wingoldt,
Berlin, Germany
26 May 1926

Your frendt,
D. MAIER

"Every man give one day's pay"



Capt. William J. Blake and Major Slater Washburn receiving credentials from Gen. Sherburne and State Commander Good of the American Legion, before sailing for France.

In addition to providing the following list of additional contributors since the last "DOINGS" came out, the Treasurer would like to make a few comments on this important subject.

First of all, there are several men whose loyalty to the YD cannot be questioned, whose names have failed to appear on the lists published to date. We feel sure they intend to contribute but urgently request them to procrastinate no longer as, unfortunately, we have to have coin of the realm to erect the proposed memorial and good intentions make a poor substitute for cold, hard cash.

The success of this whole project does not depend upon any particular committee. It is entirely in the hands of the men who rated the YD on their shoulders in the never-to-be-forgotten days of the War, and it's up to every one of us to push things to a successful, typically YD, conclusion.

The committee appointed to get things started have told the story of the Memorial and are doing all they can to get every old YD man interested, but they cannot do it all alone.

Talk Memorial to every YD man you see and get him to send in something, no matter how small the amount, but let every man

do the best he can for the glory of the Old Division.

Please make this a personal matter and take it upon yourself to do your part in seeing that there is no chance of the Yankee Division falling down on this, one of the most sacred and important things which it has taken upon itself since the end of the war.

—Ralph M. Eastman, Treasurer

INDIVIDUAL CONTRIBUTIONS

(In addition to those previously announced)

W. W. Birdisall
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Irving L. Hyland
101st Field Signal Vet's. Association.
Memory of their Buddies who went West.

DIG, BROTHER, DIG

Can you remember back nine years,
The time they called for volunteers,
To board a boat and sail for France,
And there to make the Heinie dance?

That call was one you did not shirk;
Not you, old boy, you went to work;
You grabbed a gun and sailed away,
With thirty bucks a month for pay.

You did your bit, a soldier true,
The old YD was proud of you;
You knocked the Boche across the Rhine;
You crabbed a bit but didn't whine.

You then came home to "civvie" life,
You looked around and chose a wife,
A steady lad you sought to be,
And father of a family.

But what of your buddy, the old side kick,
Who cared for you when you were sick,
Who fought like mad and gave his best,
'Till Fritzie's bullet sent him West?

To you he's now a memory dim,
And soon you'll have forgotten him,
The world will, too, as time goes by.
Unless his deeds are blazoned high.

A shaft in France at just the place
He met grim Death with upturned face,
A monument to his brave name,
That all the world can read his fame.

We comrades now take up the task,
A little help is all we ask;
Help us to reach the hoped-for goal
By getting your name on the honor roll.

We come to you for your Buddies' sake,
Help the YD make its stake.
Just one day's pay be it little or big,
Start right now, and DIG—DIG—DIG.

—GENERAL MOTORS, V. M. R.

On Wednesday, June 2, Major Slater Washburn (101st F. A.) and Captain "Bill" Blake (101st Inf.) sailed for France on the S. S. Berengaria to reconnoitre the terrain with the object in view of selecting several places from among which the final choice of the site for the YD Memorial will be made.

The photograph shows them receiving credentials from General Sherburne, Chairman of the Overseas Memorial Committee.

It has been almost the universal opinion of the members of the Memorial Committee as well as of those with whom they have consulted that the site should be somewhere in the so-called Chateau Thierry sector. So it will be in this sector that Major Washburn and Captain Blake will largely concentrate their efforts. They expect to receive the valuable co-operation of Count du Boisrouvray who has been in communication with the Memorial Committee since the beginning of the project. Carroll F. Merriam (Co. F, 101st Engrs.) who is at present living in Paris, is another member of the Committee on Site who will assist in reconnaissance.

Major Washburn and Captain Blake expect to take photographs of the several places they consider available, which photographs will be presented for the consideration of the whole committee upon their return. They are planning to return in July.

THE MAY SMOKER

The monthly smoker of the Boston Club was held on Thursday evening, May 27. For the second successive time, Bill SNYDER had to station a man at the foot of the stairs to tell the late comers to bring up chairs with them. Memorial Hall was taxed to capacity, and a large number were standing in the corridor. Though that may have been so as to be first in the mess line.

At a brief business meeting preceding the smoker it was duly voted—notice having been posted on the bulletin board—to suspend all initiation fees in connection with membership in the Boston Club for the period from July 1 to September 30, 1926. It is intended to conduct a drive for new members during these summer months.

The program of the evening consisted of a reel of pictures of the Maloney-Sharkey bout at Braves Field a year ago under the auspices of the Crosscup-Pishon Post, A. L., followed by five reels of official Signal Corps films of the World War, entitled, "Flashes of Action." These war films were secured from the office of the First Corps Area, U. S. Army, at East Boston, by Al Barnard, a member of the Board of Governors of the Club.

They went over big. Frequently some comrade at the rear of the hall or to one side, carried away with enthusiasm, would shout some by-word reminiscent of old times. Here was no Hollywood imitation, no incongruities; the real thing, the man turning the crank had been out there where they were falling fast and heavy—and he kept turning. It was a great show.

Following the pictures the audience had the unexpected pleasure of a fifteen or twenty minute talk by Rev. William E. Patrick, National Chaplain, of the American Legion, whose home is in California, but whose place of birth was here in Massachusetts. Chaplain Patrick happened to be in Boston for this one night only. He opened his remarks with many humorous reminiscences of his days as a Y. M. man with the YD and later as a chaplain.

In concluding he gave about five minutes to a serious address on "We Must Re-Value our American Citizenship." His main point was that we are not *ex*-service men but still *active* service men in all the peacetime duties of citizenship. That citizenship is freely, or, at most, easily given us; but it must be highly prized and the best uses made of it.

In the interim between the reel of fight pictures and the war films, several songs were well rendered by a member of the YD Club of Salem. An excellent pianist, secured by Hugh Brinkley, played throughout the presentation of the pictures.

It was voted to have another showing of these war pictures to which the men were to bring the women folks, the date to be chosen by the Board of Governors. It was also voted to hold one more smoker before the Summer recess, in June, at which time several reels of 26th Division pictures will be shown.

At the close of the program refreshments were served, preceded by a warning by President Carroll Swan that the crowd was so much larger than was anticipated, that there would be no seconds. However, there was plenty for all.

If these last two smokers are an indication of what next Fall has in store, we will have, in the words of Ralph Eastman, to equip the hall with elastic walls.

VISITORS AT THE BOSTON CLUB

Mrs. Parsons, mother of ALDEN B. PARSONS (Batt. C, 101st F. A.) is in Boston from Phoenix, Arizona, for a visit and stopped in to say "Hello." Mrs. Parsons says that "Ollie" is preparing to make a trip up here in 1927 and leave for France with his buddies from this port.

Our Arizona friends must be holding a convention in town this month for J. ROBERT FLEMING (Co. C, 101st Eng.) paid us a visit on the 20th of May and at that time he expected to be here for about two weeks. He brought along greetings from the Phoenix crowd.

On May 21st, ERNEST E. FAIRBANKS (101st M. P.) of Reno, Nevada, visited the club before going to New York where he intends to live for a while.

The prize winner for the longest distance visitor on May 13th fell to WILLIAM MULHALL (Hqtrs. 26th Div. and 102d M. G. Bn.) who came up from Miami, Florida. Bill expects to be here for about two months.

Another name added to the list on the 21st, was that of HORACE R. HANSON (Batt. B, 101st F. A.) who blew in from Swedesboro, N. J., to take in the convention of the "Tall Cedars" at Providence.

Natick, Mass., is only about 18 miles from the clubhouse but we see SPENCELEY W. ROSS (Co. B, 101st Eng.) about as often as we see our Western friends. Ross registered on May 20.

Spring weather brings toward Hampton Beach EDDIE RYAN (Hqtrs. Co., 102d F. A.) whose home is in Haverhill but who has been out west selling Gem razors.

Dr. CHARLES WALKER, Keene, N. H., was a visitor on May 6, but, although he'd not been at the club for a long while, Bill SNYDER recognized him before he reached the top of the stairs. "Doc" insists on carrying a resident membership in the Boston Club.

ARCHIE MURRAY (Co. A, 104th Inf.) of Worcester, always makes it his business to stop in to say "hello" when in Boston. We would like to suggest to some of you other visiting firemen, to take heed. Let us get a look at your face once in a while. We know what your mailing stencil looks like, but that is about all.

"Here, boy, what's this, you were shouting 'Great Swindle, 60 Victims,' I see nothing about it in this paper."

Newsboy: "Extra, read all about the great swindle, 61 victims."

"I've brought back that second-hand car I bought."

"What's the matter, parson, can't you run it?"

"Not and stay in the ministry."

104th INFANTRY

Editor of YANKEE DOINGS:—

Your May number telling of "Apremont Triangle" Dedication in Springfield, foretelling of the tall monument to complete the ensemble, and not sparing the "Follies de Paris" of which I've a souvenir on the table before me,—is the sort of number which elicits my order for five more copies,—stamps enclosed to pay.

That monument! Already as scenario author of the 'Dedication Movie" which we're aiming to combine with a film of "The 104th Grand Review" of September 12, 1917, before the departure overseas, I've submitted to two of the leaders, General William C. Hayes and Major George A. Roberts, for their benison received,—the monument concept.

It will class with "The Shaw Monument" at Boston for a typical U. S. A. art work. That tells of "Colored troops that fought!" This will tell of "The 104th that fought." It's motif came from lantern slide photos we had made to show in still picture, the 104th's march down State Street Hill in Springfield that September day of 1917, when nearly four thousand strong, full-armed and fit, the Regiment strode its farewell intact, e'er crossing overseas to its supreme sacrifice and victory.

So on this "Apremont Triangle" greensward we think to erect this token. On the western face of its massive granite monolith, rugged, split-faced and draughtline trued at the angles, we will deep-set in 18-inch bronze recess panel the "march down State Street" scene. At the head will be cast in full relief of horses and riders, Colonel Hayes and his staff, six mounted figures. Next in alto-relief in full company front, and beyond in effect of lessening relief up the distance, the files of the 104th Regiment whose swinging stride that day will never be forgot by those who bear witness. They were marching away, those men of America, to hit the enemy over there; and when they reached the battle-front,—they hit.

Stately buildings flank the scene either side of State Street, crowned up the vista by the cathedral spire, and by the historic Armory at the hill-top, bearing "Old Glory." Not in all the annals of all the nations was ever a scene greater-set; and this will be our chief bronze theme. It will be in cast-bronze panel 7 ft. x 8 ft., panelled into the rugged granite monolith of 9 ft. x 12 ft. clear height; 3 ft. thick at base and 2½ ft. at top; its weight, 30 tons. On its eastern obverse face will be set the 7 x 7 ft. bronze memorial tablet of the names of the Regiment's dead in the war and its Commander-staff and Company Commissions, with dedication inscription, while at the top in bronze will be the "Decoration of Colors" scene, alike inscribed. At this eastern face will be set at the rim of the broad circle granolith walk surrounding the monument, a massive hewn granite exedra; seat where the tablet may be studied and its story taken to heart.

Twenty thousand dollars is the typical estimate for the assurance of the work, counted to stand in the City of Springfield, a worthy complement of what the State in its palatial Capitol is preparing for mural there.

Fraternally,

ALBERT WINSLOW COBB

101st INFANTRY

"H—er Comp"

After a most gratifying 6 months of activities the "H—er Comp" Vets Association is preparing to suspend firing over the hot months, but before doing so, are planning one more grand attack which, no doubt, will be held at the YD Club some time during the early part of June. So before digging in for the summer, this attack will be made to strengthen our position for the coming fall drive.

From the above you can see that the "H—er Comp" Sector is going to be a quiet one during the summer months, but the Higher Command will be on guard during this period, always on the alert, ready to "stand to" and take up arms for the best interests of Old "H—er Comp" and to call the boys from the dugouts should it be necessary.

From information gained through our intelligence section we are told that one ex-cook (is that the appropriate term for those champions of the soup guns) is about to leave the peace and quiet of single bliss and embark upon the sea of matrimony. The first letter of his last name starts with D. We wish you the best of luck, D—r—a. Well, we won't give you away completely.

Old soldiers never die, and the old bug gets them again sooner or later. One BILLY HAIGH may be seen any Thursday night in the uniform of Uncle Sam in Co. H, 101st Inf., M. N. G., at the Cambridge Armory.

We are in receipt of a letter from FRED WILDER (pardon our error, Doctor, we will get used to paying you the respect your position in life is due, eventually). Dr. Wilder is now entrenched up in the wilds of Belchertown and he is about to publish a book on his experiences during the war; price, $1.25. We have some sounding-out blanks that he wants filled out to get an idea just how the thing will hit. Those who have seen it in rough form say it is a Great Book. So let's all flood him with these forms and you can bet it will be $1.25 well spent.

JACK SHIELDS, our loyal Watch Dog of All our Money, (did you get that "all") is viciously guarding what's left, and boy, if you don't want to get bit don't suggest anything that will take any of it, unless it's for a darn good cause.

LARRY GLASHEEN has been very conspicuous by his absence since he has become part of the staff at Deer Island down the bay. Well, we have the consolation of knowing that if we have the occasion to visit that dear little isle, voluntarily or otherwise, and most of us who may go down there will be otherwise, we'll have at least one friend.

The officers and men of Co. H, 101st Inf., Mass., N.G., extend to all the old gang the invitation to be their guests at Camp Devens this summer during their tour of duty.

—E. H. C.

"How long did it take your wife to learn how to drive an automobile?"

"It will be ten years in September."

Cop (to automobile victim)—"You say you didn't see the license number? Could you swear to the man?"

Victim—"Well, I did, but I don't think he heard me."

I'M SEEING THINGS—II

By E. M. KELCY (101st M. G. Bn.)

(Continued from last month)

Those of my slick compatriots who have tussled repeatedly with monsieur le conducteur and happily won each harder and harder bout when all they could show for a train ticket was a crumpled birth certificate or a supply sergeant's blanket requisition, know fully well how I manipulated to reach Soissons without experiencing an unaccounted for stop-over at some French hoosegow.

Emerging from the heavily shell-shocked station, I struggled up the avenue toward the Place du Theatre. On both sides of the street leaden silence dwelt. Occasionally a French poilu stepped listlessly from a bunged-up house and tended to his work without looking toward the deserted street. This funereal atmosphere soon seeped into me and I had a queer sensation of guilt as if I, too, had contributed to the mournful desolation. Heavy clouds overhead drifted slowly together and closed the bit of blue that smiled friendly but a few moments before. In front of the theatre my legs became wobbly from inner and outer burden. Across the square, in the now mutilated stationery store, dwelt some handsome memories and I had to rest my camera the more easily to contemplate and exhale deep sighs, and again to imagine the hours and money I spent in there, sometimes to the great annoyance of Madame Douvenier, who presided over counters and girls. Constant foolery did I lavish on the jolie mademoiselles. Whenever I could sneak from our billet I skipped to Soissons and le Magazin Douvenier.

Swaying back and forth leaning on my tripod, as if rehearsing a litany, I reviewed in my mind the saucy conversations and the noisesome (sic) jollities that so cheered the drab life of my billet. And, in sequence, I remembered clearly the sad news that came to us a few weeks after my outfit left Chemins des Dames; of the fearful bombardment of the town and the killing of many of the civilians. It was the second major attack on Soissons and the most destructive. I met a few of the boys who were up there shortly after the bombardment and they reported the ruination of the House of Douvenier. Salty were my tears and bitter my thoughts.

Here was nothing but cruel memories and I wished quickly to leave. In my hurry to reach Vregny, where we were stationed for a month or more, I failed to take a second look at the Soissons cathedral, much to my later regret. I was told by a civilian that the famous church was practically in ruins but I was in too sorry a mood to view its terror after having seen it when but little damaged.

Much coaxing and franc-anointing brought me to Vregny on a French camion. There I began the pilgrimage.

Above me were no longer masses of clouds. The sky was entirely overcast, there was a death-like stillness, a sullenness, a sickening lonesomeness. In the stone-flagged courtyard, where once the noises and smells of a mess-wagon filled the air, the tap-tap of my shoes resounded like the rat-tat of a machine gun. From one of the miserable stone piles a bent woman emerged. She looked at me dully, sheepishly, hopelessly. Upon my questioning she told brokenly of her former home, the place where we stood now and around which were but splinters of shells and the spell of ruin. But for her this was the only place to come. I attempted to cheer the poor soul but my cheering words stuck in my throat. The sky was too heavy upon us all.

It was well past the noon hour when I dragged myself and camera into the Route D'Ailleval. In my journey of over an hour, I saw no living thing, not even a vulture. The silence was that of festering death.

Leaving my camera at a roadside stone, I set out to locate our dugouts, particularly the one in which I spent long days on bread and coffee and in the company of friendly rats. From about one in the afternoon till three, I searched that area. First, patiently and systematically, then feverishly and recklessly. My leggins became torn from barbed wire and splintered wood, my stomach cried out for nourishment, my legs were trembly, I panted like a spent lion. Still I pushed on hoping to stumble on the place I sought. But my search was fruitless. Although I knew that I was close to the spot, I could find no trace of it. Occasionally some shellhole would evoke a thrill, as I thought I recognized it, but the next one would seem equally as familiar or equally hazy in my memory. At last I gave up, weary of body and sick of soul.

Regaining the road again, I shouldered my camera and headed north toward Aizyle Chateau and Jouy. But for the life of me I could see nothing at either place that seemed familiar. Of course, it all was ruined far more completely than when we were entrenched nearby, but for all that, I had hoped for some turn of road, some twisted tree that would spark my slumbering memories.

I trudged on through the stillness and desolation. At Pinon, where the road turns left to the railroad, I found the first definite mark of recognition. It was a sign made by a member of my company reading, "Asylum Ave.—Pinon." I took pictures of the sign and a view up the street, with faint heart and little enthusiasm. I turned to the railroad and Vauxaillon, blaming my rotten luck for not having found "my dungeon."

Near the railroad I located a large prison camp in which several hundred Germans were kept by French soldiers. I asked for permission to take pictures of the prisoners and mixed among them afterward. When the Boches learned that I could speak their language, they poured out all their petty troubles and there were some big ones among them, too. Dull day, dull heart, dull tales of wrong. At the Vauxaillon station the chef-de-gare graciously fixed for me some of the meagre food he was supplied with. More his amiability than the food I ate cheered me a bit,—just barely enough so I could lift my camera and myself on the night train for Paris.

The next day I was hailed before the big chief—or cheese—and for a week after that I was peeling spuds and strong onions in the company kitchen. I had a long time to think over my trip of disappointment.

And so, I believe, most of us will get the same disappointment when we make the trip back to France next June. The dreaming about it will be the best of it. As for me, I will be glad to get back merely to visit old friends—the sabot maker's wife at Faulencourt: the old lady at Luchon,

in southern France; two ladies at Neufchateau, a journalist lady friend on the Rue de Stockholm in Paris,—all women, if you noticed it.

Then the trip will be fun, too. And meeting the old gang of the machine gun battalion. And the searching again for my dungeon. And the tramping of the Grands Boulevards. And the hip-hip-hurrah of the "Gang's all here!" And the bokoo mademoiselles. But the old battlegrounds will live no more, only in our dreams. Time and the returned poilu have levelled away the scars that would send the shivers up our spine. And the whiz of shrapnel, the rat-tat-tat of a Boche machine gun, the rapid staccato of a French 75, that all will be absent and therefore the very feel of the former excitement will be but dead ashes on a sullen landscape. The trip overseas in June will be merely a "pilgrimage toward a mirage."

(*The End*)

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, Y. D. V. A.

A regular meeting of the Executive Committee of the Yankee Division Veterans Association was held on Wednesday, May 5, at the Boston City Club. This was the first meeting of the new administration.

The meeting was called to order at 6.15 P.M. by President Keville.

The following members were present: Keville, Poulton, Sanborn, Watson, Redfield, Emery, McGinniss, Berlyn. Former president Eastman and Manager SNYDER of the Boston Club were also present.

Reading of the minutes of the last meeting was omitted.

Under unfinished business it was voted to appoint Albert W. Barnard as a committee of one to have a final design for the YD Grave Marker made and to present the same with competitive figures on the cost of making same.

It was moved, seconded and voted to authorize Mr. Eastman and Mr. SNYDER to have the roster of YD men in the possession of the Association cross indexed alphabetically, the expense to be borne by the Association. The decision to have this done is of great importance as it has heretofore been next to impossible to find a man's name unless his address were known, the roster having been indexed geographically only.

It was moved, seconded and voted to have the list of the names of deceased members of the division prepared for the Association by the War Department copied and the original list placed in the Association's safe deposit vault.

The remainder of the meeting was given over to a very general discussion of ways and means for the reorganization and enlargement of the Association. It was decided to have each member of the Committee prepared to present suggestions at the next meeting. The consensus of opinion seemed to be that in seeking to enlarge the membership outside of the Greater Boston area, greater stress be laid on the Veterans Association and less on the YD Club of Boston. Further developments of this idea will appear in YANKEE DOINGS as future meetings of the Executive Committee are held.

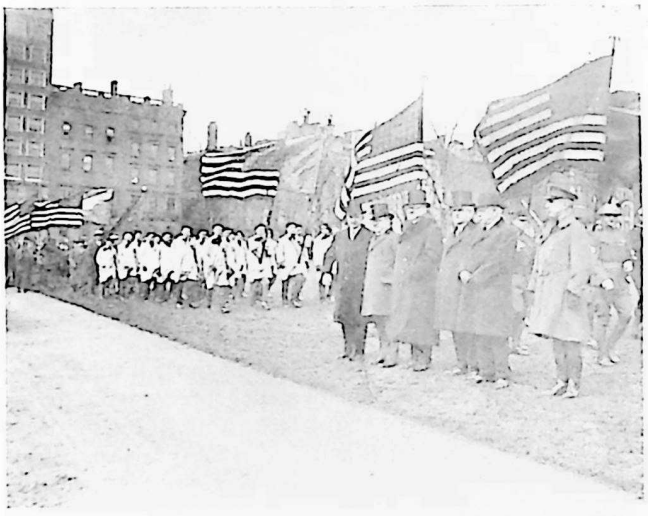
It was moved, seconded and voted to authorize the mail order sale of Christmas Greeting Cards as in previous years.

There being no further business to come before the meeting, adjournment was taken at 8.00 P.M.

—PHILIP N. SANBORN, Secretary

Y. D. POST 290, A. L.

Last month's DOINGS made mention of YD Post's splendid showing in the Patriots Day exercises on Boston Common, at which time the Post had more members in line than all other nearby posts combined.



The accompanying photograph shows members of the Post after having passed the Governor and the Mayor, who reviewed the entire assembly consisting of various patriotic bodies.

CONGRATULATIONS

Mr. and Mrs. MAX MILLER (102d M. G. Co.,) are announcing the birth of a daughter, Delma Carlyn, 8 pounds, on May 10, 1926.

The engagement has been announced of FRANCIS WILSON FLEISCHNER (Co. C, 101st Engrs.) of Brighton and Miss Margaret Mabel Dunn of Cambridge.

The marriage has been announced of HARRY H. LAIT (Co. K, 103d Inf.) and Miss Lena Slosberg, at Portland, Maine, on Sunday, the sixth of June.

On Friday, May 14, a daughter, Polly Jean, was born to Mr. and Mrs. JOHN GERRISH (Co. F, 101st Engineers).

"STUBBY" STILL LIVES

Stubby, the 102nd Infantry's beloved bull terrier mascot, whose death was noted in last month's DOINGS, will still appear as he did in life to future YD visitors to Washington.

Through the efforts of Stubby's owner, J. Robert Conroy, the mascot's hide has been stretched over a plaster cast which contains his ashes. Mounted on a pedestal and wearing his blanket to which are attached his many medals, he will be given a prominent place in the War Museum Building of the American Red Cross in Washington.

SIGNAL CORPS SIGNALS

A letter of regret because of inability to attend the banquet was received from "BOB" SEELEY, who, for the past few months, has been working in Miami, Florida, at 421 N. W. 1st Ave., for the Guardian Taxi Corp.

Another one of our buddies who is in Miami is ROME BENEDICT, advertising manager for the *Miami Herald.*

Ex. Sgt. KELLENSBERGER is married, has one child and is living in Texas, but just where I've not been able to find out as yet.

FRANK H. BEALE has been married for a year and is still living in Little Rock, Ark.; his address is B & B Studio, 2820 State St.

The engagement has been announced of THOMAS P. PORTER and Miss Jennie A. Byrne of Natick.

TIMOTHY J. ("MUL") MULCAHY is home again, having attended the army school at Fort Benning, Georgia, for the past three months. Tim has a superior rating as an intelligence officer in the Massachusetts National Guard and was sent as student officer from the 101st Infantry.

Last month ROY KNOX spent some time in Pennsylvania and was lucky enough to find some of our buddies at home. In Philadelphia he saw GEORGE HUDSON and spent a week-end with LOU COURTER and his wife at Brookline. At Millersburg he called on ROY KEPNER.

Yours truly spent the week-end and Memorial Day in Hartford, Conn., and was sorry not to have been able to reach some of the fellows on the telephone. However, HARRY HALL came over from New Haven, where he was spending the holiday, and we had the whole of one forenoon together hashing over old times. Harry is now with a roofing company in New London. In the next issue I'll give you the correct name and his address.

HUGH BRINKLEY was among those who went to Philadelphia with the Shriners the first of the month.

Several of our buddies are busy renovating homes which they have recently purchased—R. T. ("REGG") JONES, Saugus, Mass.; LOUIS L. MORSE, Newton, Mass., and BILL RODGERS, "Somewhere in Mass."

—G. W. T.

COMPANY A
102d Machine Gun Battalion

DANIEL F. SUTTON is again acting as Top Sergeant. This time Danny is fathering the children as Truant Officer for the Boston School Committee.

DR. EDWARD G. BRADY, better known as "King" in A. E. F. days, is practising dentistry at 2 Antrim St., "Easta Bost."

FRANK H. FARDIE, among the last of our South Bostonites, now resides on Sargent Ave., Somerville. He is still in the milk business,—perhaps on the watering detail. Incidentally, the chlorination process is taboo.

GEORGE K. FISH has deserted bachelor quarters at Tech Chambers, Boston, for residence in Taunton. A reconnaissance party failed to learn from "Ken" whether matrimony was the objective.

OTTO JORDAN, once of the 1st Vermont Infantry, has now settled in Grafton, Mass. He devotes his working hours to the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R., painting camouflage.

CARL REED has reported "Present" at every reunion. He parks his hoe at Turner Hill Farm, Ipswich, at First Call. Carl's "Total Eclipse" smile is a wonder.

HAROLD P. LAMBERT has incorporated his name as a Custom House Broker and displays his shingle at 114 State St., Boston. He has tried his luck at importing small percentage Italian Vermouth.

The above were among those present at THE Reunion, April 24th. GUY L. BEAN, JR., was also there with his movies of Rutland on last Sept. 26. Everyone's mouth watered at the recollection—in fact, "POP" COVEY and DAVE CROCKETT couldn't stand the strain, so left early.

Now is not too early to prepare for Sept. 24th, at Rutland, Vt. We suggest that you break the news to the wife.

—A. C. H.

Did the 102nd M. G. Bn. have any other companies?

—ED. DOINGS

103d INFANTRY

EARL HOBBS, formerly of the band, is now at Dr. Drummond's Hospital in Portland, not as a patient, but in an official capacity.

SID SMILEY, another ex-bandster, has been very successful in Florida this winter. Sid is from "Roostook County" and knows how to raise spuds.

BILL DOYLE, ex-Top Kick, of Hdq. Co., is now on the Police Force at Orlando, Florida.

CARL FELLOWS (Hdq. Co.) is fast rising to fame as he was the only sheriff in Kennebec County who could legally arrest a man, as he was appointed to office by both sides in the recent investigation.

Friend Wife would like to know as to whether the new Y.D. Legion Post uniform was suggested by PHIL PALMSTROM and if so, did the idea originate with the green smock Phil wore in his Freshman year at Art School?

Come on, you men of the 103rd and let's put the regiment over the top again on the "Overseas Memorial Drive." Up to date we stand second on the Regimental list, the 101st taking the lead. Let the word be passed (as COL. HUME used to say) from Fort Kent to Kittery and from Eastport to the Magalloway.

Congratulations to our old friend MALCOLM STODDARD on his recent(?) marriage last October to Miss Fern L. Scribner, of Portland, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George F. Scribner. We are not behind in our news items as this news was not given to the public till about the last of April. Max is the C. O. at the War Vets' Bureau.

In reading the account of the "Trip to Washington" in the April Number of DOINGS, we note an item about our old friend "MACHINE GUN" PARKER and the "Flaming Sword" and would suggest that COL. HERBERT have it printed in the next issue.* The boys of the 103d Machine Gun Co. recall the time we spent near Andelot on the Divisional Range with Col. Parker.

Send news items to E. K. Hale, Sec., 103d Inf. Association, Lisbon Falls, Maine.

—E. K. H.

*Ed. Note:—We are sorry but Col. Herbert feels that this story does not lend itself to publication.

ENGINEER ENTRIES

C COMPANY

GERRY GRIFFIN has been heard from at last—in Florida, of course.

CRUICKSHANKS has gone into business with his brother in New Haven.

We have just learned as a result of a canvas on the YD Memorial Fund that CLAUDE ROBBINS of Charlton City, passed away in 1924.

HARRY PORTER has fallen in with PETE MCGARVEY—is a 2d Lieut. in the O.R.C. Infantry. Has blossomed out with a new Sam Browne and new style blouse and everything.

BERT FLEMING came on to Boston for a short visit in May, from his home in Pheonix, Arizona. He sure is some booster for Arizona. He had a bit of news he wanted every "C" man to get. Told that KENNETH BLUNT who now hangs out his shingle as a realtor in Los Angeles met him and actually turned down his invitation to have lunch with him. Gave the excuse that he had eaten only a short time before.

CHARLIE STINSON is also out in California.

BOUVE has returned to Boston, and is working in The Old Corner Bookstore.

CAHOON has also joined the Florida detachment.

Lieut. JOHN F. A. GIBLIN, who has been connected with the Veterans' Bureau in Boston since the war, has just been promoted to the position of special disbursing agent in charge of all payments of this nature in New England.

LIVERMORE is the engineer in charge of the construction of the new Parker House in Boston.

Everybody take out pencil and the old note book and jot firmly down that the second annual field day of all C men will be held this year at Old Orchard, Maine, June 26th and 27th, at the Ocean House. The same wonderful layout we had last year. Every man who came then swore that he'd sell his shirt to be on hand the next time, and a whole lot of those who didn't come, said that they would come too and see if the stories of the good time we had were true. It looks then like a big gathering. Send word to C. W. Harris, 70 Federal St., that you are coming and enclose a five spot to cover all costs, save transportation. It will be worth the money. And do it TODAY!

—C. W. H.

D COMPANY

We are very sorry to report that H. E. HOWARD is now confined to the Naval Hospital in Chelsea. Drop in and see him when you are down that way.

LYMAN LEHRBURGER has been elected treasurer of the District Service, a charitable association that does a great deal of good.

D Co. sends its sympathy to HAROLD HAYES in the loss of his father. It was through his father's untiring efforts and energy that the First Corps Veterans Association was able to do as much as they did for us while we were in France.

RAY NEWHALL likes Framingham so much that he has bought himself a billet there. Understand he has over an acre in seed and plans to cut the high cost of living.

We hear that JAMES FORTIN is living in Manchester, N. H., and that his brother Victor is a brakeman on the Montreal Express. Victor picked a good job.

We want to hear from all the boys who live away from Boston; just drop a line to Edward F. Walker, 10 State St., Boston.

—E. F. W.

A. P. O. 709

Maj. HENRY H. WHEELOCK has been made chairman of the Supply Train Committee in the Overseas Memorial Drive.

ROBERT J. W. STONE has opened a real estate and insurance office at 19 West Foster St., Melrose, Mass.

GEORGE D. CHAPMAN (Leader of 101st F. A. Band) writes from Fort Myer, Va., Box 5, that he visits the YD Club in Washington and that he saw the Boston crowd when they were there.

FRED M. WREN (103d Inf.) Mars Hill, Me., writes: "Am still at the same old grind here, making Americans out of aliens, and like the work better all the time. If any of the 103d Infantry boys drift through here in the course of the summer in search of the fountains of vin blanc which spout gayly about ten miles from here, tell them to at least stop and say 'Hello'. There are three other 103d Infantry men besides myself here on the Maine border."

W. M. "BILL" HANNON (Sgt. QMC. Div. Hqtrs.) sends word from Vidette, Georgia, that he is still manufacturing lumber in the Lowlands and that after being there a year or two longer he'll take a vacation Bostonwards.

The following buddies have recently sent in dues and all state that under no circumstances do they want DOINGS stopped for it is the best little paper in the world.

CHESTER W. PARKER (M Co., 101st Inf.) 500 Huntzinger Building, Kansas City, Mo.

GEORGE H. BUXTON, Amherst, Mass.

E. M. CALDER, 3546 Penn. Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

DAVID CROCKETT, 1553 Main St., East Hartford, Conn.

ALBERT IVER COLEMAN (Hqtrs. Co., 102d Inf.), who was graduated from the School of Music, Yale University, in 1924, receiving the Degree of Bachelor of Music from the same institution the following year, will return this summer to Europe for a brief period to continue his studies in music. In 1924 Coleman was also graduated from the Conservatoire Americain, Fontainebleau, where he received two diplomas for special summer courses. If you want somebody to act as your "personal representative" to your French friends, just inform Coleman, 296 Lenox St., New Haven, Conn.

BURTON HARRINGTON (103d F. A.) was elected Commisaire Intendant of Voiture 220, Societe des 40 Hommes et 8 Chevaux, A. L., at the annual business meeting of that organization on May 27, at the La Salle Hotel, Chicago. Voiture 220 is the largest voiture in America except that of San Francisco.

YD men expecting to attend the Sesqui-centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, this summer, if they find difficulty in securing hotel reservations, may find it to their advantage to see FRANK MCCANN, at the Club. Frank has relatives in the Quaker City who will be glad to accommodate visitors. Their home is but a short distance from the Exhibition grounds.

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